

# EDINBURGH CHAMBERS' JOURNAL

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## KEEP HIM OUT.

A LATE Scotch judge, of eccentric character, was one day disturbed in court by a noise at the door, of which he querulously inquired the cause. "It's a man, my lord," answered the mace-bearer on duty. "What does he want?" "He wants to be in." "Well, keep him out." By and bye, the noisy individual contrived to make good his entrance; and soon after, a repetition of the disturbance took place. "What is't now, John?" inquired the senator. "It's just the man, my lord." "What does he want?" "He wants to be out." "Well, keep him in." The treatment of this turbulent but ill-used individual is more consistent with the way of the world than may be at first suspected. When the world first hears of any great discovery in science, or the invention of any thing which seems likely to be of vast benefit to mankind, it exclaims, "Who is this, that is disturbing the proceedings of the court?" "It is a man," answers the public press, "who wishes to acquaint your lordship with something very much to your advantage." "Don't let him in, then," answers the world; "I can't be troubled with these fellows with their new-fangled notions. The business of the court is going on quite pleasantly, and if I be not disturbed, I shall get home to my dinner in half an hour." When once the discovery or invention, however, has contrived to get in, and is in full operation, albeit by no means a perfect thing, or the best that might be, it is likely to be retained with the most jealous care, while better things applying for admission are as contumeliously kept out as the other was at first. Many matters in social life are operated upon by the same principle. You enter a profession, for which you are fully qualified; for several years, while in your highest state of energy, you scarcely obtain any employment: by and bye, jealous and suspicious feelings are overcome, and you get into full practice, which you are sure to retain long after you have ceased to be fit for it, and while young probationers highly qualified remain idle. A newspaper is often observed to have few advertisements, while its circulation is really good, and to be in full enjoyment of that kind of public patronage when the contrary state of things has been long in progress. Struggle, in short, for a good reputation in any department of labour, and, when gained, you may—at least for a considerable time—be quite at your ease respecting the means of retaining it. The world is ill to awaken; but when once its eyes are open, it can hardly be got to shut them again. It will at first believe nothing—and then it believes too much, and will admit of nothing else. It goes panting in vain pursuit of the ideas of the more forward class of minds—somewhat in the manner of another Scotch judge, who, after pondering for ten minutes on some merry quip or crank in the pleading of a certain clever barrister, and when the said barrister had advanced to something quite different, would exclaim, with a face all bright with sudden intelligence, "Harry, I hae ye noo—I hae ye noo!"

From the earliest times, when the first propagation of any thing like just ideas of the Supreme Being sent Anaxagoras to prison, and brought the poison-cup to the lips of Socrates, down to the paltry hostility which Professor Bell lately encountered in announcing his discoveries in the nervous system, this wretched principle has governed the conduct of mankind. The light which Aristotle threw upon nature was rewarded by exile, and what in modern times would be called a broken heart. For three hundred years, his philosophy was hardly known: the enlightened Romans received it with the greatest distrust. In time, however, it was so extensively received, and treated

with such superstitious veneration, that, when more correct views arose, those who disseminated them were treated as public enemies. For writing animadversions on Aristotle, Ramus, a Parisian professor of the sixteenth century, was accused of an attempt to sap the foundations of religion and learning, was overwhelmed with ridicule and revilement, and finally slain in the Bartholomew massacre. Not long after the views of Ramus met general approval, Aristotle was condemned to neglect, and a totally different philosophy was set up.\* In the same century, "Cornelius Agrippa was compelled to fly his country, and the enjoyment of a large income, merely for having displayed a few philosophical experiments, which now every schoolboy can perform; but more particularly, having attacked the then prevailing opinion that St Anne had three husbands, he was so violently persecuted, that he was obliged to fly from place to place. The people beheld him as an object of horror; and not unfrequently, when he walked, he found the streets empty at his approach. He died in an hospital."†

In those times of deplorable superstition, all men who made themselves acquainted with nature were conceived to be magicians. Roger Bacon, Pope Gerbert, Cardan, Napier of Merchiston, are only a few of those who were thought to derive their knowledge from familiar spirits or demons. The first apostles of science were almost as virulently persecuted as the first apostles of our religious faith. Virgilius, Bishop of Salzburg, having asserted that there existed antipodes, the Archbishop of Mentz declared him a heretic, and consigned him to the flames. When Descartes first published his opinions, he endured severe persecution on account of them in Holland, and it was projected to have him burnt upon an eminence near Utrecht, so that the fire might be seen over the whole of the seven provinces. Even the gentle poetry of Petrarch subjected him to an imputation of magic, and, when crowned with laurel at Rome, it is said that he relished the ceremony less as an honour than as a means of confounding those ecclesiastical enemies who were continually threatening him. The sufferings of Galileo for the illustrations he had conferred upon the Copernican system, are well known. "A council of seven cardinals," says Professor Playfair,‡ "pronounced a sentence, which, for the sake of those who are disposed to believe that power can subdue truth, ought never to be forgotten: 'That to maintain the sun to be immovable, and without local motion, is an absurd proposition, false in philosophy, heretical in religion, and contrary to the testimony of Scripture. That it is equally absurd and false in philosophy to assert that the earth is not immovable in the centre of the world, and, considered theologically, equally erroneous and heretical.'" It is an anecdote less generally known, that when this philosopher first constructed the telescope, some persons positively refused to take a peep at the heavenly bodies, lest what they saw should interfere in any manner with the doctrines of their favourite Aristotle.§ Galileo, having afterwards continued his speculations in astronomy, was forced by the Inquisition to disavow his opinions, and condemned to perpetual imprisonment. He was in time released;

but the rest of his life was spent in melancholy and poverty.

Not long after the time of Galileo, scientific discoveries ceased to bring utter ruin upon those who propagated them; but it was long—we perhaps ought to say it *will* be long—ere they shall be received by mankind in a proper spirit. The discovery of the circulation of the blood—"a discovery which, if measured by its consequences on physiology and medicine, was the greatest ever made since physic was cultivated"—though it obtained for Dr Harvey the favour of King Charles I., caused a falling off in his practice, drew down upon him the virulent hatred and contempt of most of his own profession, not one of whom above forty years of age gave it any credence, and did not save his house from being plundered by the anti-loyalist mobs during the civil war. Bacon, who, by showing the way to truth in all branches of inquiry, conferred an infinitely greater favour upon his species, died with an appeal to foreign nations and to posterity upon his lips, which must have been dictated in great part by his sense of the prejudices of his contemporary countrymen. Yet, simple and obvious as was the philosophy of Bacon, it was little known in France till the eighteenth century—as a proof of which it may be mentioned, that Bayle, in his enormous dictionary, published eighty years after the death of the author of the *Novum Organum*, allowed him only twelve lines. Even in his own country, the university of highest reputation continued for two hundred years, and when all around it was in a blaze of light, to keep up the quibbles of Aristotle, and to reject the mode of arriving at truth through the medium of fact and experiment. Yet we are the less inclined to deplore the injustice done to Bacon, so far as he is concerned as an individual, when we recollect that he himself ridiculed the discoveries of Galileo.

Even the discoveries of Newton, which came before the world so lately as 1687, though they were expressly a generalisation of facts demonstrable to experiment, met at first with the greatest hostility, and did not obtain a general acknowledgment for fifty years. At the time when his *Principia* appeared, natural philosophy was taught through the medium of a work by Rohault, which, to make it a little more intelligible, was translated into Latin. Incredible it must always appear to all who have not studied the nature of highly endowed universities, that, in 1718, thirty-one years after the publication of the *Principia* of Newton, a new edition of Rohault was published by Dr Samuel Clarke, and adopted at Cambridge, in which the truths of Newton were given in the humble shape of notes to the absurdities of the elder philosopher, but without the appearance of any controversy. It was only in consequence of the pupils detecting, by the assistance of the notes, the fallacy of what their teachers were expounding from the text, that the doctrine of Newton was at length received, even in the university to which he himself belonged. More liberality, it is true, was manifested in the universities of Edinburgh and St Andrew's, where David and James Gregory respectively taught those sublime truths within three or four years of their publication; "while we at Cambridge (poor wretches)," remarks Whiston, "were ignominiously studying the fictitious hypotheses of Descartes." But this seems to have been in a great measure owing to the accidental peculiarities of the two professors. Though Newton survived his publication forty years, he had not at his death, as Voltaire alleges, twenty followers out of England. Fontenelle, with great

\* Alkin's General Biographical Dictionary.

† D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature, l. 50.

‡ Third Dissertation prefixed to the Seventh Edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica.—This will remind the reader of the council of clerical sages at Salamanca, who determined that the views of Columbus, regarding the discovery of America, were those of a felonious deceiver, because, for one grand reason amongst others, St Augustine had said nothing upon the subject!

§ Stewart's Dissertation, prefixed to the same work.

• Edinburgh Review, xlvii.

talents and enlarged views, and informed of the progress of science all over Europe, continued a Cartesian to the end of his days.

When Locke and Condillac attacked the doctrine of Descartes respecting innate ideas, there was a general cry of materialism and fatalism—in other words, an appeal by enlightened to unenlightened ignorance, for the protection of its favoured dogmas. Locke was little read and much railled at, for many years; and Voltaire tells that he was the first to introduce the *Essay on the Human Understanding* to the notice of the French. When Boerhaave began to propound new views in medicine, he was refused a theological degree, upon a suspicion of his being infected by the atheistical notions of Spinoza. Eventually, his improved doctrines gained for him the highest reputation, inasmuch that a Chinese mandarin, anxious for his advice, wrote him a letter, addressed “to the illustrious Boerhaave, Physician in Europe,” which came safely to hand.\* The system of Boerhaave, though a great improvement upon all that had gone before it, was glaringly deficient in some points; it was nevertheless taught generally throughout Europe for the better part of a century. At length, Dr Cullen, professor of the practice of physic in the Edinburgh University, by the aid of hints from Hoffman, a neglected contemporary of Boerhaave, suggested the doctrine of the pathology of the living solid, which has since been dominant. His teaching things in opposition to the venerated Dutchman, immediately produced an outcry; and Mr George Drummond, the provost of the city and chief patron of the college, came to him, requesting seriously that he would “avoid differing from Dr Boerhaave,” as such conduct was likely to hurt both himself and the university. Cullen then adopted the plan of speaking respectfully of Boerhaave, but silently inculcating his own doctrine notwithstanding; being encouraged, as we learn from his own pen, by finding his pupils readily adopt the new views.† Thus, in two remarkable instances, were the taught instrumental in seeing and establishing truths, which the most of those under whose attention they were educated, were either afraid to admit, or ignorantly condemned. Truly might Locke make his celebrated remark—“Who ever, by the most cogent arguments, will be prevailed upon to disrobe himself at once of all his old opinions and pretensions to knowledge and learning, which, with hard study, he hath all his lifetime been labouring for, and turn himself out stark naked in search of new inventions?” And as justly might Smith indulge in his equally famous observations—“The improvements which, in modern times, have been made in several different branches of philosophy, have not, the greater part of them, been made in universities; though some no doubt have. The greater part of universities have not even been very forward to adopt those improvements, after they were made; and several of those learned societies have chosen to remain, for a long time, the sanctuaries in which exploded systems and obsolete prejudices found shelter and protection, after they had been hunted out of every other corner of the world.”

As another instance of the difficulty of introducing improvements in medical treatment, we may allude to the history of inoculation. That of smallpox, when presented to public notice in 1721, was opposed by a Dr Wagstaffe, on the grounds of its being inadequate to prevent the smallpox in future; of its producing a variety of other distempers of the most horrible kinds, as itch, ulcers, and general corruption of the body; and of its being in general as fatal as the original disorder. The same positions were maintained in a great variety of eloquent publications by Dr Hillary, and Messrs Howgrave, Sparham, and Massey. The last-mentioned gentleman obliged the world with a sermon upon “the dangerous and sinful practice of inoculation,” in which he maintained that Job’s distemper was the confluent smallpox, inoculated upon him by the enemy of man, and that, as diseases are sent as punishments for sin, this attempt to prevent them was “a diabolical operation.” He concluded with a hope that he would see the time when the physicians who patronised inoculation—those preparers of poison and spreaders of infection, as he called them—would have a stigma fixed upon them, and no longer be permitted to mingle with other professional men. Inoculation nevertheless proved the means of disarming a malady which was once powerful enough to depopulate whole provinces; and the only names which come out of the controversy with a stigma are those of its prejudiced opponents. Let not the present century, however, twit the past with these exhibitions of blindness and rancour. It must be in the recollection of many that the cowpox inoculation, or vaccination, though a less startling innovation than that brought in by Lady Mary Montagu, occasioned at its commencement a controversy of unexampled bitterness and fury. “Can any person say,” exclaims a pamphleteer named Moseley, “what may be the consequence of introducing a bestial humour into the human frame, after a long lapse of years? Who knows, besides, what ideas may rise in the course of time from a brutal fever having excited its incongruous impressions on the brain? Who knows, also, but that the human character may undergo strange mutations from *quadruped sympathy*?” A Dr Rowley followed on the same side with “five hundred cases of the

beastly new diseases produced from cowpox,” and attracted customers by two coloured engravings at the head of his work, representing “the cowpoxed ox-faced boy,” and “the cowpoxed mangy girl.” These and other like productions called forth answers and defences, some of which were by no means of a temperate character, and the year 1806 was distinguished by a war among the physicians, little less virulent than that which was then waged on the Continent. Charges of murder and falsehood were interchanged among the disputants, without the smallest ceremony; the medical journals foamed with the violence of their contention; it raged in hospitals and sick-chambers; and polluted with its malignity the sanctity of the pulpit and the harmony of convivial philanthropy.\* Jenner, nevertheless, got his merited twenty thousand pounds, and the British nation was spared the annual affliction of forty thousand premature deaths.

The history of the steam-engine, and of its application to the purposes of navigation, furnishes an equally instructive instance of the incredulity, indifference, and positive hostility, which the most useful inventions sometimes experience from the world at large. A plan for propelling vessels in this way was projected a century ago by Jonathan Hulls—experimented upon, neglected, and forgotten. The idea was again suggested fifty years ago, to Mr Miller of Dalwinton, by his tutor, Mr Taylor; was tried, and found fully answerable to the most sanguine expectations; but, from a series of unfortunate circumstances, was again laid to sleep. On this occasion, however, the sleep was not fast. Symington, an ingenious engineer employed by Miller, persevered, through good report and bad report, in experimenting, and his machinery, being seen by Fulton of New York, and Bell of Helensburgh, was eventually the model of the first steam-boats set a-going by these individuals respectively, on the Hudson and Clyde. It can never be forgotten, however, that Fulton was laughed at as a madman for his attempt, and that Bell for many years was pitted as a poor and crazy projector, and, in the latter part of his life, to use the language of the *Quarterly Review*, “only saved from starvation by the charity of the public.”

Gas-lighting was first practised in Cornwall about the year 1792, by an ingenious and modest man named Murdoch. In the year 1803, the late Mr F. A. Winsor took up the invention, and set about the business of demonstrating its practicability to the public. After a series of experiments at the Lyceum in the Strand, after lighting the walls of Carlton Palace Gardens in St James’s Park, after lighting one side of Pall Mall by pipes from his own house, and thus spending eight years among the most enlightened and speculative people on earth, he was still disbelieved. A friend in Edinburgh mentions to us that he well recollects, about five-and-twenty years ago, hearing Sir Walter Scott describe to a party of Scottish barristers an interview which he had had in London with “a man who proposed to light London with coal-gas.” “To light London with gas!” repeated Sir Walter, with a hearty laugh. “A madman!—and a serious madman too; one of those dull ones who are quite in earnest—the most hopeless of all!” And he again uttered a loud laugh, in which all his listeners cordially joined. In 1812, London was lighted by gas, as it has ever been since; and in 1825, the Author of *Waverley*, who had scouted the project with such inconsiderate, and we may venture to say ignorant ridicule, not only had his own house lighted in this manner from top to bottom, but was president, and took an active hand in the proceedings, of the Edinburgh Oil-Gas Company!

There are several causes for this unwillingness on the part of the world to receive what is calculated for its benefit. In the first place, it is difficult to make the invention known, and its merits understood: Playfair candidly allows that the demonstrations of Sir Isaac Newton required a mathematical skill, and the exertion of a degree of patience, which few possess. In the second place, there are so many schemes radically absurd, and which come to nothing, that it is difficult to assert and establish the worth of one really good; as, in common life, it is the host of pretenders which is the chief cause of merit being so long doubted, and so often condemned to neglect. Then there is the veneration paid to what is old, and the uncertainty of better results from the new. A great contingent obstruction is often found in the statutes of public seminaries, which, referring to certain courses and modes of study, identify these with salaries and other benefits, which thus defeat the very end they were meant to serve.

Lastly, and above all, in the words of Playfair, “even in matters purely intellectual, and in which the abstract truths of arithmetic and geometry seem alone concerned, the prejudices, the selfishness, and the vanity of those who pursue them, not unfrequently combine to resist improvement, and often engage no inconsiderable degree of talent in drawing back, instead of pushing forward, the machine of science. The introduction of methods entirely new must often change the relative places of the men engaged in scientific pursuits, and must oblige many, after descending from the stations which they formerly occupied, to take a lower place in the scale of intellectual improvement. The enmity of such men, if they be not animated by a spirit of candour and the love of truth, is likely to

be directed against methods by which their vanity is mortified, and their importance lessened.”

The old, in general, as we have elsewhere pointed out, are too often disposed through these motives to deny the efficacy of the most valuable improvements. We are told by a medical practitioner, that the stethoscope, by which such important information is to be gained respecting the state of the vital organs, and so great a turn is promised to be given to the whole treatment of organic disease, has been generally adopted by the younger physicians only, and is scarcely ever to be found in the hands of practitioners of an old standing.\* Medical teachers who used to sneer at it as a thing which would “enable one to see as far into a mill-stone as his neighbours,” have recently been obliged, by that public sentiment to which they ought rather to have given direction, to introduce the stethoscope into their lectures; a third instance of improvements being more indebted to the taught than to the teacher.

It is almost unnecessary, after the preceding facts and observations, to inculcate the propriety of keeping our minds open—cautiously but candidly—for the reception of new truths. Startling as may be their novelty and magnitude, and however they may seem to affect things previously in beneficial operation, or systems venerated for their antiquity, they ought in every case to obtain a fair hearing, lest individuals or generations, in what they think a just contempt of absurd pretension, be injuring the interests of their race, and insuring to themselves the indignation and ridicule of all future ages.

#### THE FORTY-SECOND REGIMENT.

THIS celebrated corps was the first body of Highlanders employed in the service of government. After the disturbances of 1715, the wise policy of destroying enemies by converting them into friends, was acted upon, with regard to the Highlanders, with admirable effect. They were invited to become soldiers—not, however, by joining the military corps of the crown already in existence—which, perhaps, they would hardly have done—but by forming small military bodies amongst themselves, to receive pay from the government, but retaining their ancient dress, and to be officered by their own countrymen: thus at once affording them an opportunity of legally indulging their military propensities, and securing to them all the advantages of government protection and patronage. The inducement to the Highlander to enter the service of the government in this way was further increased, though indirectly, by the disarming acts of 1716 and 1725, which left him no other means of recovering the privilege of carrying arms—to be without which he reckoned a degradation and dishonour—but that of entering the military corps alluded to: and this circumstance alone made it an object of ambition, even to gentlemen of education and independent circumstances, to be admitted as privates into the ranks.

These corps were restricted to six in number: three of them of one hundred men each, and three of seventy; and were called independent companies. They were stationed in different places throughout the Highlands, for the purpose of overawing the disaffected, checking the feudatory violence of the clans to each other, and generally for the maintenance of peace and order in the country; duties for which they were peculiarly well adapted, from their knowledge of the people and their language, and from their own habits and education. The relationship, besides, in which all the individuals of these corps stood to the natives of the districts in which they were placed, gave them an influence which their military character alone would perhaps scarcely have gained for them.

The independent companies were first formed about the year 1729, although some Highlanders had been armed by the government previous to this period; but it was not till then that they were regularly embodied, and received into the pay of the crown. On the footing just described they remained till the year 1740, when it was determined to form them into a regiment of the line; which was accordingly done in the month of May of that year. The ceremony of embodying them took place in a field between Taybridge and Aberfeldy, in the county of Perth, where they were assembled for that purpose.

When first regimented, the numerical name assigned them was that of the 43d; and by this, and another which shall be afterwards alluded to, they were known till the year 1749, when that of the 42d was substituted, in consequence of the reduction of the regiment preceding them numerically. Previously to their being numbered, and indeed for a long time after, they were called the Black Watch—a name which was applied to them to distinguish them from the regulars, who were clothed in bright scarlet, while they wore the dark tartan of their native land, which gave them a sombre appearance when contrasted with the former. After being regimented, however, at Taybridge, they assumed the red coat and red waistcoat of the regulars, but retaining the belted plaid, truis, and philabeg; yet the original name, nevertheless, continued to adhere to them.

At the time of their first formation, the 42d, as already hinted, was mostly composed of men of education and rank in society; the sons of gentlemen, farmers,

\* Alkin’s Gen. Biog. Dic.

† Thomson’s Life of Cullen.

\* Edinburgh Review, ix. 38.

\* As an appropriate illustration of this subject, we have given an account of the Stethoscopic Art in another part of the present number.



and tacksmen, and cadets of gentlemen's families. They were, besides, all picked men as to personal qualifications; none being admitted who were not of the full height, well proportioned, and of handsome appearance. Their arms at this time were a musket, a bayonet, and a large basket-hilted sword; and such as chose it were at liberty to furnish themselves with pistol and dirk.

Three years after they were embodied, viz. in 1743, the regiment received an order to march to England. With this order, though it was unexpected, and contrary to the general understanding of the men as to the nature of their service, which they conceived was to be limited to Scotland, they complied, though not without a strong feeling of reluctance. On their arrival in London, they were reviewed on Finchley Common by General Wade, in presence of a large concourse of people, whom the novelty presented by a Highland regiment had brought to the field, and who were highly delighted with the warlike appearance of the men, and with the alacrity and promptitude with which they went through their military exercises. Previous to this, indeed, while they were on their march to England, a rumour had reached the regiment that it was the intention of government to embark them for the plantations; a service then held in the utmost detestation, and considered deeply degrading to a soldier, being looked upon as a species of banishment. After their arrival in the metropolis, some malicious persons busily employed themselves amongst the men in confirming this rumour, and in impressing upon them a belief that they were entrapped and deceived; and in this they succeeded but too well. Convinced that they were the object of some dark design on the part of the government, the men determined at once on returning to their native country; and the manner in which they proceeded to the accomplishment of this project was singularly characteristic. Without breathing a word of their intention to their officers—to whom, however, they imputed no blame in placing them in the predicament in which they conceived they stood—they assembled in a body after dark, two or three days after the review, on a common near Highgate, and commenced their march to the north. As they avoided the highways, and directed their route through fields and woods, keeping, however, as nearly as possible, in a direct line for their destination, it was some days before any intelligence of them was obtained; but they were at length discovered in a wood, called Lady Wood, between Brig Stock and Dean Thorp, in Northamptonshire, where they were surrounded by a body of troops commanded by General Blakeney. At first they refused to surrender unless they obtained a written promise from the general that they should be allowed to retain their arms, and have a free pardon; but these conditions having been refused them, and unwilling to add the crime of shedding blood to the offence they had already committed, they finally submitted unconditionally, and were marched back prisoners to London, where they were tried by a court-martial, found guilty of mutiny, and condemned to be shot. This sentence, however, was subsequently remitted to all but three, two corporals and a private, who suffered the sentence of the court on the parade, within the Tower, at six o'clock on the morning of the 20th July 1743.

After this unfortunate occurrence, the regiment was sent to Flanders, where they laid the foundation of that warlike fame of which they now enjoy so large a portion. They were present at the battle of Fontenoy, fought on the 11th May 1745, their first encounter with an enemy; and so pre-eminently distinguished themselves by their gallantry, that the Duke of Cumberland, who commanded the British forces, desired it to be intimated to them that he would be happy to grant the men any reasonable favour they chose to ask. The use they made of this privilege is characteristic. They solicited the pardon of one of their comrades, who was under sentence of a severe corporal punishment for allowing a prisoner to escape. This was all they asked, and it was instantly granted them.

On the breaking out of the rebellion in Scotland in 1745, the 42d, with other ten regiments, was ordered to England, where they arrived in October, but was not called upon to take any part in the transactions of that unhappy period. Three new companies were this year added to the regiment, and these were present in some of the affairs connected with the rebellion. In the following year, 1746, during all which time the corps remained in England, they were embarked with other troops on an intended expedition to America, but this design was afterwards changed to a descent on the coast of France, whither they sailed from Portsmouth on the 15th September, and arrived in Quimperi Bay on the 19th. The object of the descent having been in part effected after some operations, in which the Highlanders again distinguished themselves, the troops re-embarked in divisions at Quiberon, and that which included the 42d sailed for Ireland, where they arrived on the 4th November. Here they remained till the spring of 1747, when they were again embarked for Flanders, and again distinguished themselves in the various military operations of which that country was the scene. In 1748, they were once more ordered to England, and from thence to Ireland, where they remained till 1756, when they were embarked with a body of troops for North America, where a war had broken out with the French. The novelty of their dress made a great impression in America on

this occasion, particularly upon the Indians, who were delighted with it on account of its resemblance to their own. In the affairs which followed, the 42d lost no part of the fame which they had already acquired. But it was at the siege of Ticonderago, by far the most sanguinary affair in which they were ever engaged, that the indomitable courage of these gallant men shone forth most conspicuously.

At the attack on this fort, the 42d were placed in the reserve; but when they saw the troops who were in advance struggling to make their way through the defences which had been thrown up by the enemy, amongst which was a formidable barrier of felled trees with their branches outwards, and all the while exposed to a murderous fire from the fort, they could not be restrained, but immediately rushed to the front, hewed their way through the barricade of trees with their broadswords, and, being unprovided with ladders, began to scale the enemy's works by means of steps hastily cut out with their swords and bayonets. During all this time the men were falling thickly around by the cool and well-directed aim of the enemy, who, in perfect safety themselves, poured down their shot on their brave assailants, who, regardless of the destruction which was dealing amongst them, and which threatened altogether to exterminate them, persevered, for no less than four hours, in their gallant but hopeless efforts to carry the fort; and in one instance a captain (John Campbell) and several men actually forced their way over the breastworks, and bravely plunged into the midst of the enemy. The fate of this gallant officer and his heroic little band, however, was what might have been expected. They were all instantly dispatched with the bayonet.

Hopeless and desperate as was the struggle, the men seemed determined to continue it while one of them remained alive; and it was not until they had received the third order from the commander-in-chief to retreat, that their colonel could prevail upon them to desist; and this was not until one-half of the regiment and two-thirds of the officers were either killed or desperately wounded. Their actual loss on this occasion was eight officers, nine sergeants, and two hundred and ninety-seven men, killed; and seventeen officers, ten sergeants, and three hundred and six men, wounded. Their extraordinary gallantry and devoted courage on this occasion filled all Europe with admiration, and was then, and for long after, a favourite topic with the periodical publications of the day. The affair of Ticonderago took place on the 7th July 1759, and in the same year letters of service were issued for adding a second battalion to the regiment, which was also made Royal, an honour conferred on it by his Majesty in testimony of his approbation of its loyal, exemplary, and gallant conduct. The new battalion, which consisted of eight hundred and forty men, afterwards added to the three additional companies raised in 1745, was raised in three months, and embodied at Perth in October 1758. Two hundred of these men were immediately marched to Greenock, where they were embarked for the West Indies to assist in a contemplated attack on Martinique and Guadaloupe. They were some time afterwards joined by the remainder of the second battalion, and together performed some brilliant exploits in the contests with the French which followed in this quarter of the world. The broadsword was still a favourite weapon with them, and on this occasion they made a very free and very able use of it.

From Guadaloupe, the second battalion proceeded to North America, where they arrived in July 1759; and here both they and the first battalion were actively employed, under the command of General Wolfe, till the termination of the war. They were then (1762) included in an armament fitted out for an attack on Martinique, where their broadswords again did good service. With these they rushed upon the enemy with a courage and impetuosity which was irresistible, and which largely contributed to the splendid results which followed, viz. the conquest of Martinique, and the cession of Granada, St Vincent, and St Lucia; thus putting the British in possession of all the Windward Islands.

The next service in which they were engaged was the capture of the Havannah. After this important conquest, the first battalion, into which all the men of the second battalion who were fit for service were previously drafted, was ordered to embark for New York, where they arrived in October 1762. The remainder returned to Scotland, and were reduced in the following year. In the summer of 1763, the 42d were employed in a harassing warfare with the American Indians; a service in which they were engaged from time to time till the beginning of the year 1765, when they marched to Pennsylvania, where they remained till July 1767. They were then embarked at Philadelphia for Ireland, leaving behind them a character for orderly conduct in quarters, and gallantry in the field, which called forth the warmest encomiums of the Americans.

The regiment on this occasion remained in Ireland till the year 1775, when it was embarked at Donaghadee for Scotland, after an absence from that country of thirty-two years. On arriving at Port Patrick, where they were landed, they were marched to Glasgow, in which city they remained till 1776, when the American war having broken out, they were embarked at Greenock, along with the Fraser Highlanders, in April, for the seat of war, and took an active and conspicuous part in the various operations which occurred

during that protracted contest. In 1783, after the conclusion of the American war, the regiment was removed to Halifax, in Nova Scotia, where it remained till 1786, when it was again removed to the island of Cape Breton. In this year, the second battalion of the regiment was formed into a distinct corps, and numbered the 73d, on which occasion their facings were altered from blue to green. The 42d remained at Cape Breton till the month of August 1789, when they were embarked for England, which they reached in October, and were landed at Portsmouth after an absence of fourteen years. The ensuing winter they spent at Tynemouth, and in the spring of the following year returned to Scotland, where they remained till the beginning of the year 1793. Hostilities having been in this year declared against France, the whole regiment was assembled at Montrose, from which they marched in May to Musselburgh, where they were embarked for Hull. In this town they were received with the most marked kindness and hospitality; nor did this friendly feeling towards them cease at their departure, for the good people of Hull, after they had embarked for Flanders, which was now their destination, sent a present to each man of a pair of shoes, a flannel shirt, and worsted socks. In September following, the regiment embarked at Gosport for Ostend, where it arrived on the 1st of October, and two days after joined the army under his Royal Highness the Duke of York, then encamped in the neighbourhood of Menin, but were soon after ordered, with several other regiments, back to England, to join an expedition then preparing against the French colonies in the West Indies. They accordingly embarked at Ostend, and soon after arrived at Portsmouth; but their destination was now changed from the West Indies to France, on the coast of which it was proposed to make a descent under the command of the Earl of Moira. An expedition intended for this service, and of which the 42d formed part, sailed on the 30th November, but instead of landing in France, they put into Guernsey, after cruising about for two days, and remained there till January 1794, when the whole returned to Portsmouth. In June following, the 42d, together with several other regiments, was again embarked for Flanders, under the command of the Earl of Moira, and, on the termination of the campaign, again returned to England, where they arrived in the end of April 1795. Their next service was in the West Indies, under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, whither they went as part of an armament under the command of that general in October 1795, and, as usual, performed a distinguished part in the arduous struggle which followed in the French colonies there. The regiment remained in the West Indies on this occasion till the year 1797, when they returned to England, and were soon after embarked for Gibraltar, where they remained till October 1798. In that year they were sent, with some other troops, against Minorca, which they assisted in taking from the French. From this period till 1800, they were not employed in any active service against an enemy. In this year they were embodied in the celebrated expedition to Egypt, under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, where they added to their glorious annals one of its brightest pages. At the famous landing of Aboukir, and subsequent battle of Alexandria, they particularly distinguished themselves. In the latter engagement they fought with the most heroic courage, and in several instances, when their line was broken, continued the contest with the enemy's cavalry individually, each man encountering a dragon with his gun and bayonet, and fighting on his own ground independent of all assistance from his comrades, who were each engaged in close and single combat with a foe. During one part of the battle, the commander-in-chief, addressing the 42d, called out to them, "My brave Highlanders, remember your country, remember your forefathers." This was enough. They charged the enemy with a fury which nothing could resist, and drove them before them.

On the conclusion of this memorable campaign, the 42d were ordered home to England. Soon after their return they were reviewed before his Majesty, who had expressed a desire to see men whose gallantry had gained them so wide a fame. After this they were marched to Scotland, and in two or three years afterwards returned to England again, where the first battalion was embarked for Gibraltar in September 1805. Here they remained till the commencement of the Peninsular war in 1808, when they joined the army in Portugal under General Wellesley. They afterwards formed part of Sir John Moore's army, and added largely to the glory which they had already acquired, on the field of Corunna. In this celebrated battle they fought with all their accustomed bravery, and were especially marked out by their gallant commander. At an arduous point in the contest, Sir John Moore rode up to them, and called out, "Highlanders, remember Egypt!" and Egypt was quickly remembered. They rushed upon the enemy, and drove them back in all directions as the point of the bayonet, Sir John himself accompanying them in the charge; and when he was shortly afterwards struck down with a cannon-ball, it was on the Highlanders, who were still closely engaged with the enemy, that he continued to gaze so long as he remained in the field. At one period of the action, the 42d, who had run short of ammunition, were preparing to fall back to make way for the Guards, who were at the moment advancing, and who they imagined were coming on purpose to

relieve them, when Sir John Moore, perceiving their mistake, said, "My brave 42d, join your comrades; ammunition is coming, and you have your bayonets." The hint was enough. They soon made a good use of the formidable weapon to which their general referred.

After the battle of Corunna, the 42d embarked with the rest of the army for England, where it remained till July 1809, when it joined the expedition to Walcheren. On its return from this unfortunate enterprise, it was quartered at Canterbury till July 1810, when it was ordered to Scotland. In the August of the following year, it again returned to England, and in April 1812 was embarked at Plymouth for Portugal. The part which this gallant regiment performed, together with the other Highland corps employed in the Peninsular war, in the series of splendid operations which followed, is too well known to render it necessary to enter into any details regarding it here. In all they conducted themselves with a steadiness and gallantry which excited equally the admiration of their friends and their enemies; until their fame attained its height, and their military services were brought to a close, on the memorable field of Waterloo.

From the period of its first formation, in 1740, till 1815, the number of battles, actions, and skirmishes, in which the regiment was engaged, amounts to forty-five, giving an average of considerably more than one encounter with an enemy every two years.

#### CHARLES LAMB.

[This very pleasing sketch has reached us in the form of a small pamphlet, printed for private circulation. Believing it to be the composition of an excellent young friend, Mr Lamb's last publisher, we take the liberty of presenting it to more extensive notice.]

WITHIN a few months of each other we have lost two remarkable men, Samuel Taylor Coleridge and Charles Lamb. They were schoolfellows, read together, first published together, and were undivided even in death! When we last saw the latter—and recollection!—he said he was ever thinking of his friend. He is now with him, and for ever! It is of Charles Lamb only—Elia—that we wish to speak.

No man was ever more sincerely regretted, or will be longer remembered by his friends. Happily we see the brighter after our sorrows; and the object of our grief, in a short time, becomes a star that we can gaze at with pleasure. The transformation we dread purifies the spirit; and our kindred, or the companions of our choice, though lost to us for ever, appear bright as in a vision. To the imagination they are never lost. We regret their absence, but we also contemplate them in a happier sphere. If they were authors, with what pleasure we recur to their works! It is there that we again see them in their earthly shapes, and listen to their accustomed accents with delight; that we participate in all their feelings, and enjoy the scenes and places they have sanctified and made familiar by their genius. Without this inclination from sorrow, our lives would be but a perpetual weeping; without this sunshine after the storm of death, the heart, even of the most buoyant, would sink under the weight of its afflictions. The grave would be ever wet with tears; nor would the lark sing, or the daisy grow, over those whom we have consigned to the lap of earth. Fair, fair shall be the flowers that spring over thy tomb, dear, gentle Elia! sweet shall be the song—sweet as thine own—that shall lure the wanderer to the spot where thy urn receives the tears of the stranger. Thither my feet shall repair in spring time and in harvest; thither will I lead thy votaries, and there shall they drink of the lucid waters that well from the memory of thy gentle life, thou kindest of human creatures!

Perchance, reader, it was not thy good fortune to know our inimitable friend. Thou hast not been with him in his walks; and to walk with him was to converse with the immortal dead: with Chaucer and with Sidney—with Spenser and with Shakespeare—with Burton and with Sir Thomas Brown—with Fuller and with Jeremy Taylor—and with Milton, and those elder dramatists, who were to him a first love, and, as such, cherished through life. Thou hast not been his guest? nor sat among his books—goodly folios in quaint bindings—in rooms scantily furnished, but rich in the gifts of genius; walls hung round with Raphaels and Da Vincis, with Poussins and Titians, and the works of the incomparable Hogarth? Thou wert not a visitor in the temple, nor an evening listener to choice—hardly choice where all were good—passages from Milton, over the finest of which the worshipping spirit of the reader always wept; but his tears were those of admiration, drops that blotted out, as it were, ages of neglect! On his old favourites his eyes rested even in death! Sacred to the owner will be the volume he last bent over, with its page folded down—so ever let it remain—on thy life, all-accomplished Sidney! From thyself, if aught earthly in heaven be permitted, perchance he may learn thy story, and there walk side by side with those whom in idea he lived with while on earth. Nor hast thou seen him a Solitary, wandering among the cloisters of Christ's Hospital—nor in the Quadrangles at Oxford, nor at Twickenham, where he often spent his holidays—red-letter days as he called them—nor at Hampton Court, which he preferred—so truly English was his mind—to Versailles; nor in the India House, where he was loved for his goodness of heart,

and for his jokes and his puns—he was a punster, and a good one; nor in his ramblings in the neighbourhood of Cheshunt, and Southgate, and Ware, and Tottenham High Cross, and on the banks of the Lea, thinking of Walton and his plain-mindedness! nor latterly at Waltham, nor at Winchmore, nor in the green lanes about Enfield, where, on a summer's evening, he would walk with his amiable sister, his almost inseparable companion of forty years.

As, reader, thou hast not seen the living Elia—would that thou hadst, for thou wouldst ever have remembered his sweet smile, and the gentleness of his heart—turn to his books, there thou mayest imagine him, kindlier than he was thou canst not; and he will yet guide thee to old haunts and to familiar faces, which thou wilt hereafter think of with delight. He will conduct thee to the Old South-Sea House—once his own—and to Oxford, where thou wilt meet with George Dyer (George is worthy thy knowing), or he will sit with thee the old year out, and quote the old poets, and that beautiful line in his friend's Ode,

"I saw the skirts of the departing year;"

or he will introduce thee to Mrs Battle, who, next to her devotions, loved a game at whist; or he will pleasantly shake his cap and bells with thee on the first of April; or accompany thee to a Quakers' Meeting, or describe to thee the Old and the New Schoolmaster, or tell thee a delightful story—no fiction—of Valentine's Eve, or take thee with him, Bridget Elia by his side—thou wilt love Bridget—on a visit to his relations,

"Through the green plains of pleasant Hertfordshire;"

or he will discourse to thee on modern gallantry, or point out to thee the old Benchers of the Inner Temple, or describe to thee his first visit to Old Drury, and introduce thee to his old favourites—now forgotten; or thou shalt hear him—for he loved those whom none loved—speak in the purest strain of humanity in praise of chimney-sweepers, "innocent blacknesses," as he calls them, and of beggars, and lament the decay of the latter; or he will rouse thy fancy, and make thy mouth water with his savoury dissertation on roast pig (may were the porklings that graced his table, kind presents from admiring and unknown correspondents); or take thee with him in the old Margate Hoy to the sea-side, or introduce thee to his friend Captain Jackson; or discourse to thee of himself—the Convalescent and the Superannuated Man; or on old China, or on old books—on the latter with what relish! or of Barbara S. (Miss Kelly), or of Alice (his first love), or of Bridget Elia (his sister), or tell thee the sweet story of Rosamund Gray. Let these, reader, if thou art a lover of thy kind and of the beautiful, have a by-place in thy mind; they will not only please thy imagination, but enlarge thy heart, its sphere of action, and its humane capabilities. They will lead thee to new sources of delight, springs fresh as the waters of Horeb; and thou wilt become acquainted with men famous in their generation. Occasionally, if thou art a reader of modern books only, thou mayest imagine him quaint, but thou wilt find him free from conceits, and always natural. Others may have affected the language of an older age, but with him it was no adoption.

He always spoke as he wrote, and did both as he felt; and his letters—they were unpremeditated—are in the style of his other writings; they are in many respects equal, in some superior, to his Essays; for the bloom, the freshness of the author's mind, is still upon them. In his humour there is much to touch the heart and to reflect upon; it is of a serious cast, somewhat like that of Cervantes. In the jokes which he would throw out, the offspring of the moment, there was often more philosophy than in the premeditated sayings of other men. He was an admirable critic, and was always willing to exercise the art he so much excelled in for the fame of others. We have seen him almost blind with poring over the endless and illegible manuscripts that were submitted to him. On these occasions, how he would long to find out something good, something that he could speak kindly of; for to give another pain (as he writes in a letter now before us) was to give himself greater! He lived in the past, yet no man ever had a larger share of sympathy for those around him. He loved his friends, and showed it substantially by numberless tokens, and was as sincerely loved in return. He had, like other men, his failings; but they were such, that he was loved rather for them than in spite of them. Enemies he had none. For upwards of forty years he devoted his life to the happiness of his sister, for whom he had a most affectionate regard, and for whose comfort he would gladly have laid down his life; and she, not less devoted, for him would have sacrificed her own. He preferred—we use his own words—even her occasional wanderings, to the sense and sanity of the world.

Their minds were congenial, so were their lives, and they beautifully walked together—theirs was a blended existence—to the hour of his dissolution. His charities, for his humble means, surpassed those of most men. He had for some years upon his bounty three pensioners! Generous and noble must have been the heart of him that, out of his slender income, could allow his old schoolmistress thirty pounds per annum! What self-denial! What folios this sum would have purchased for him! Well we remember the veneration with which we used to look upon the old lady—for she remembered Goldsmith! He had

once lent her his poems to read. We often lament that he did not give them to her; but the author of the Vicar of Wakefield was poor.

Kind surely must have been the disposition of him who sought out the nurse that attended the last moments of Coleridge (whom living he adored and dead thus honoured), that on her head he might pour out the overflowings of the irresistible goodness of his nature. He gave her five pounds; but this we did not learn from himself. These were but trifles; yet of such was the life of this the most amiable of men made up.

His tastes, in many respects, were most singular. He preferred Wardour Street and Seven Dials to fields that were Elysian. The disappearance of the old clock from St Dunstan's Church drew tears from him; nor could he ever pass without emotion the place where Exeter 'Change once stood. The removal had spoiled a reality in Gay. The passer-by, he said, no longer saw "the combs dangle in his face." This almost broke his heart. He had no taste for flowers or green fields; he preferred the high road. The Garden of Eden, he used to say, must have been a dull place.

All his books were without portraits; nor did he ever preserve, with two exceptions, a single letter. He had a humorous method of testing the friendship of his visitors; it was, whether in their walks with him they would taste the tap of mine host at the Horse-Shoe, or at the Rose and Crown, or at the Rising Sun! But a member of the temperance society, on these occasions, could not have been more abstemious. A single glass would suffice. We have seen ladies enter with him—the fastidious Barbara S.; and great poets—the author of the Excursion himself! He was no politician, though, in his youth, he once assisted to draw through the streets Charles James Fox! Nor was he a man of business. He could not pack up a trunk, nor tie up a parcel. Yet he was methodical, punctual in his appointments, and an excellent paymaster. A debt haunted him! He could not live in another person's books! He wished to leave a friend a small sum of money; but "to have done with the thing," as he said, gave it him beforehand! If an acquaintance dropped in of an evening before supper, he would instantly, without saying a word, put on his hat, and go and order an extra supply of porter. He has done this for us a hundred times! Relics and keepsakes had no charm for him! A traveller once brought him some acorns from an ilex that grew over the tomb of Virgil. He threw them at the hackney coachmen as they passed by his window! And there is a story, that he once sat to an artist of his acquaintance for a whole series of the British admirals, but for what publication we never heard!

Another sentence, and we have done. Of all the men we ever knew—and we now number thirty summers—Charles Lamb was in every respect the most original, and had the kindest heart. E. M.

January 27, 1835.

MR FERGUSSON'S CANADIAN SETTLEMENT. WE are glad to learn, from a lately published number of the Quarterly Journal of Agriculture, that Mr Fergusson of Woodhill, who several years ago gave the world some excellent papers on emigration to America, and afterwards proceeded with his family to Upper Canada, has found an advantageous settlement in that promising country, and has the best prospects of success. His communication to the editor of the above journal is described as being "most gratifying and satisfactory."

Mr Fergusson, whose principal object is to locate some of the junior branches of his family, has settled himself in the township of Nichol, district of Gore, in a salubrious situation. The Ouse or Grand River, with fine mill-falls of fifteen feet, fronts and partially intersects the block of 8000 acres. The soil and timber both good. Distance from Burlington Bay on Lake Ontario about forty-five miles. A village has been commenced in a delightful situation upon the Grand River, where the foundation-stone of a church and schoolhouse were laid by Mr Fergusson and his friends last St Andrew's day. It is Mr Fergusson's resolution, we are told, to sell no land to settlers of doubtful or indifferent character, for any temptation or price. With this limiting qualification, in one short season, and under all the disadvantages of a commencement, above 3000 acres have been sold to emigrants of the very first class, combining industry, capital, and skill. "Already (since January 1834) above seventy souls are denizens, with many casual visitors, and all the initiatory processes of chopping, logging, housebuilding, &c. are going briskly forward. Neither have amusements been overlooked. Arrangements have been made to form a library for the winter evenings. Curling-stones are in preparation. It is altogether an interesting scene. To those among us (says the editor) who are looking



to the western world, we would say, visit Fergus, and ponder well the advantages of a healthy district, and a respectable social circle, ere you finally decide upon a home." With this sentiment we cordially agree, for there is every reason for believing that Mr Fergusson, with his acknowledged sagacity and integrity, can neither have pitched upon an improper location, nor would be guilty of entrapping settlers, by holding out delusive accounts or expectations.

#### A Page of Comicalities.

WE have had several good hearty laughs at the humorous sketches of that singular writer, Thomas Hood, Esquire, in his COMIC ANNUAL for the year 1835, which has just made its appearance. A good deal of the book, we perceive, is occupied with quizzical accounts of the "great conflagration"—that is, the burning of the houses of Parliament, which, like every other exciting calamity, no matter what, has been an object of caricature to the dealers in fun throughout the metropolis. Popular ferment is well hit off in the following letter of a member of Parliament to the keeper of his country residence:—

"To Mr Roger Davis, bailiff, the Shrubbery, near Shrewsbury.

DAVIS—I hope to God this will find you at home—I am writing in a state of mind bordering on madness. I can't collect myself to give particulars—you will have a newspaper along with this—read that, and your hair will stand on end. Incendiarianism has reached its height like the flaming thing on the top of the Monument. Our crisis is come. To my mind—political suicide—is as bad as felo de se. Oh, what have we been brought to! As the Britannic Guardian well says—England is gone to Italy—London is at Naples—and we are all standing on the top of Vesuvius. I have heard, and I believe it—that an attempt has been made to choke Aldgate Pump. A Waltham Abbey paper says positively that the mills were recently robbed of five hundred and thirteen barrels of powder, the exact number of the members for England and Wales. What a diabolical refinement—to blow up a government with its own powder! I can hardly persuade myself I am in England. God knows where it will spread to—I mean the incendiary spirit. The dry season is frightful—I suppose the springs are all dry. Keep the engine locked in the stable, for fear of a cut at the pipes. I'll send you down two more. Let all the labourers take a turn at them, by way of practice. I'm persuaded the Parliament Houses were burnt on purpose. The fine story is ridiculous. Mr Cooper's is a great deal more to the point. I believe everything I hear. A bunch of matches was found in the Speaker's kitchen. I saw something suspicious myself—some said treacle, but I say tar. Have your eyes about you—look all the gates, day as well as night—and above all, watch the stacks. One Tiger is not enough—get three or four more, I should have said Caesar, but you know I mean the house-dog. Good mastiffs—the biggest and savagest you can get. The gentry will be attempted first—beginning with the M.P.s. You and Barnes and Sam must sit up by turns—and let the maids sit up too—women have sharp ears, and sharp tongues.—If a mouse stirs, I would have them squall—danger or no danger. It's the only way to sleep in security—and comfort. I have read that the common goose is a vigilant creature—and saved Rome. Get a score of them—at the next market—don't stand about price—but choose them with good cackles. Alarm them now and then to keep them watchful. Fire the blunderbuss off every night, and both fowling-pieces, and all the pistols. If all the gentry did as much, it might keep the country quiet. If you were to ring the alarm-bell once or twice in the middle of the night, it would be as well—you would know then what help you have to depend upon. Search the house often from the garret to the cellar, for combustibles—if you could manage to go without candles, or any sort of light, it would be better.

You'd find your way about in the dark after a little practice. Pray don't allow any sweethearts; they may be Swings and Captain Rocks in disguise, and their pretended flames turn out real. I've misgivings about the maids. Tie them up, and taste their liver before they eat it themselves—I mean the house-dogs; but my agitation makes me unconnected. The scoundrels often poison them before they attempt robbery and arson. Keep the cattle in the cowhouse for fear of their being houghed and hamstringed. Surely there were great defects somewhere. The houses could not have been properly protected—if they had been watched as well as they were lighted—but it is too late to cast blame on individuals. A paltry spirit of economy has been our bane. A few shillings would have purchased a watch-dog; and one or two geese in each house might have saved the capitol of the constitution! But the incendiary knew how to choose his time—an adjournment when there were none sitting. I say incendiary, because no doubt can exist in any cool mind that enters into the conflagration. I transcribe conclusive extracts from several papers, the editors of which I know to be upright men, and they all write on one side.

"We are confidently informed," says the Beacon,

"that a quantity of tar-barrels was purchased at No. 2, High Street, Shadwell, about ten o'clock on the morning of the fire. There was abundant time before six A.M. for removing the combustibles to Westminster. The purchaser was a short, squat, down-looking man, and the name on his cart was I. Burns."

"Trifling circumstances," says the Centinel, "sometimes point to great results. Our own opinion is formed. We have made it our business to examine the Guys in preparation for the impending anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot, and we affirm that every one of the effigies bore a striking resemblance to some member or other of assemblies we need not name. These are signs of the times."

"We should be loth," says the Detector, "to impute the late calamity to any particular party: but we may reasonably inquire what relative stake in the country is possessed by the Whigs and the Tories. The English language may be taken as a fair standard. The first may lay claim to peri-wig, scratch-wig, tye-wig, bob-wig; in short, the whole family of perriques, with whigmaleery: the latter, to oratory, history, territory, and victory. Can a man of common patriotism have a doubt which side it is his interest to adhere to?"

That last paragraph, Davis, is what I call sound argument. Indeed, I don't see how it is to be answered. You see they are all nem. con. as to our danger, and decidedly reckon fire an inflammatory agent. Take care what you read. Very pernicious doctrines are abroad, and especially across the Western Channel. The Irish are really frightful. I'm told they tie the cows' tails together, and then saw off their horns for insurrectionary bugles. The foundations of society are shaken all over the world—the Whiteboys in Ireland, and the Blacks in the West Indies, all seem to fight under the same colours. It's time for honest men to rally round themselves; but I'm sorry to say public spirit and love of one's country are at a low ebb. There's too much Americanism. One writer wants us to turn all our English wheat to Indian corn, and to grow no sort of apples but Franklin pippins. We want strong measures against associations and unions. There's demagogues abroad—and they wear white hats. By the bye, I more than half suspect that fellow Johnson is a delegate. Take him to the ale-house, and treat him freely—it may warm him to blab something. Besides, you will see what sort of papers the public-houses take in. You may drop a hint about their licenses. Give my compliments to Dr Garratt, and tell him I hope he will preach to the times, and take strong texts. I wish I could be down amongst you, but I cannot desert my post. You may tell the tenantry, and electors—I'm burnt out and gutted—but my heart's in the right place—and devoted to constituents. Come what may, I will be an unshaken pillar on the basis of my circular letter. Don't forget any of my precautions. I am sorry I did not bring all the plate up to town—but at the first alarm bury it. Take in no letters or notices; for what you know they may be threatenings. If any Irishman applies for work, discharge him instantly. All the old spring-guns had better be set again; they are not now legal, but I am ministerial, and if they did go off, the higher powers would perhaps wink at them. But it's fire that I'm afraid of, fire that destroyed my political roof, and may now assail my paternal one. Walk, as I may say, bucket in hand, and be ready every moment for a break out. You may set fire to the small faggot-stack, and try your hands at getting it under—there's nothing worse than being taken by surprise. Read this letter frequently, and impress these charges on your mind. It is a sad change for England to have become, I may say, this fiery furnace. I have not the least doubt, if properly traced, the burning cliff at Weymouth would be found to be connected with Incendiarianism, and the Earthquakes at Chichester with our political convulsions. Thank Providence in your prayers, Davis, that your own station forbids your being an M.P., for a place in Parliament is little better than sitting on a barrel of gunpowder. Honour forbids to resign, or I should wish I was nothing but a simple country gentleman. Remember, and be vigilant. Once more I cry Watch, Watch, Watch! By adopting the motions I propose, a conflagration may be adjourned *sine die*, which is a petition perpetually presented by your anxious but uncompromising master, JACOB JUBB, M.P."

There are likewise some tolerably smart poetical pieces, embellished with cuts in Hood's usual clever style. Of the rhyming ware, the following, by G. Raymond, Esq., is among the best specimens:—

#### AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE.

"When Grecian splendour unadorned by art,  
Confirmed the Theban oracle, in part—  
When Genius walked digestive o'er the scene,  
In meagre mystery of unlettered mien—  
When man first saw, with an inverted eye,  
The tearful breath of purple panoply,  
'Twas then the Muse, with adamant grace,  
Replied prophetic from her Pythian base;  
And Roscius bent his Macedonian knee  
Before the squadrons of Melpomene.

"But mighty Shakespeare, whose salacious fire  
Waved high his banner o'er the marble choir,  
Spurned the base trammels of despotic Jove,  
And taught the storn Persepolis to love.

In fancy cradled, like some northern light  
Which westward gilds an oriental night,  
Tearing with ruthless hand that sacred root  
Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit,  
So waked our bard that histrionic lore  
Which Siddons suckled, but which Garrick bore.

"Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind,  
Through freedom's mist beholds what's left behind;  
Whose ebony limbs those gory bonds entwine  
The heavy shapen equinoctial line,  
Mutely exclaims, and supplicating bends,  
'The lovely young Lavinia once had friends!'

"So let our author, whose enamell'd hopes  
Exfoliate to night such classic tropes,  
Through this, his tragedy, those laurels share  
Which Drake and Wicliffe both were proud to wear,  
And take the chaplet loud from British hands  
As Cato died, and Trajan's column stands."

The writers of tales usually work up their love-plots with catastrophes, such as the hero just saving in the nick of time the heroine from a band of robbers—from being drowned in floods—from being killed by falls from horses—from being burned to death in the conflagration of houses, and so forth. But our friend Hood beats all such story-tellers hollow. He brings his hero and heroine together through the agency of a bottle of ginger-beer, or, in vulgar language, pop. The story he very appropriately calls

#### POPPING THE QUESTION.

"My friend Walker is a great storyteller. He reminds me of the professional tale-bearers in the East, who, without being particularly requested by the company, begin reciting the adventures of Sinbad, or the life, death, and resurrection of Little Hunchback. No sooner does conversation flag for a few minutes, than W. strikes up, with some such prelude as, 'I told you about the flying fish affair before; but as you wish me to refresh your memory, you shall have it again.' He then deliberately fills his glass, and furnishes himself with a cork, a bit of orange-peel, or an apple-paring, to be shredded and sub-shredded during the course of narration. Many Scotchmen, by the way, and most Canadians, are given to the same manual propensity. A lady located towards the back settlements informed me, that at a party she gave, the mantelshelf, chairs, and tables, every wooden article of furniture, was nicked and notched by the knives of her guests, like the tallies of our Exchequer. It is most probably an Indian peculiarity, and derived by intercourse or intermixture with the Chipeways. But to return to W. The other day, after dinner, with a select few of my friends, there occurred one of those sudden silences, those verbal armistices, or suspensions of words, which frequently provoke an irresistible allusion to a Quakers' meeting. Of this pause W. of course availed himself.

"You were going, sir," addressing the gentleman opposite, "to ask me about the Pop business, but I ought first to tell you how I came to be carrying ginger-beer in my pocket."

The gentleman thus appealed to, a straightforward old drysalter, who had never seen W. in his life before, naturally stared at such a bold anticipation of his thoughts; but before he could find words to reply, W. had helped himself to a dozen almonds, which he began mincing, while he set off at a steady pace in his story.

"The way I came to have ginger-beer in my pocket, was this. I don't know whether you are acquainted with Hopkins, sir, of the Queen's Arms in the Poultry?" The drysalter shook his head. "It's the house I frequent, and a very civil obliging sort of fellow he is—that is to say, was, two summers ago. The season was very sultry, and says I, Hopkins, I wonder you don't keep ginger-pop—it's a refreshing beverage at this season, and particularly wholesome. Well, Hopkins was very thankful for the hint, for he likes to have every thing that can be called for, and he was for sending off an order at once to the ginger-beer manufactory, but I persuaded him better. None of their wholesale trash, said I, but make your own. I'll give you a recipe for it—the best ever bottled. But I couldn't gain my point. Hopkins humm'd and haw'd, and thought nobody could make it but the makers. There was no setting him right, so at last I determined to put him to the proof. I'll tell you what, Hopkins, said I, you don't like the trouble, or I'd soon convince you that a man who isn't a maker can make it as well as any one—perhaps better. You shall have a sample of mine—I've got a few bottles at my counting-house, and it's only a step. Of course, Hopkins was very much obliged, and off I went. In confidence between you and me, sir—though I never had the pleasure of seeing you before—I wanted to introduce ginger-beer at the Queen's Arms as a public benefit."

"I'm sure, sir, I'm very much obliged," stammered the drysalter, at a loss what to say. "Ginger-beer, I've no doubt, is very efficacious, and particularly after fruit or lobsters, for I observe you always see them at the same shops."

"The best drink in the dog-days all to nothing," returned W., "but ought to be amazingly well corked and wired down, and I'll tell you why: it will get vapid, and may-be worse. Well, I'd got it in my coat pocket, and was walking back, just by Bow Church, no more





then keep silence during the night, and salute the dawn with their first accents, which are continued through the day. Some persist in their first season in singing before and after midnight, whence they have obtained the name of nocturnal nightingales; but they cannot be distinguished till after some time, when they are established in their district, and have the society of their females. After repeated experiments for many successive years, I think I am authorised in affirming that the nocturnal and diurnal nightingales form distinct varieties, which propagate regularly: for if a young bird is taken from the nest of a night singer, he in his turn will sing at the same hours as his father, not the first year, but certainly in the following; while, on the other hand, the young of a day nightingale will never sing in the night, even when it is surrounded by nocturnal nightingales.

It is a pity that the time for this delightful bird's song should be so short, that is to say, when wild. It endures hardly three months; and during this short interval it is not maintained with equal power. At its first arrival it is the most beautiful, continued, and impassioned; when the young are hatched, it becomes more rare; the attentions which they require occupying considerable time. If from time to time the nightingale's song is heard, it is evident that the fire which animated it is much weakened. After mid-summer all is ended, nothing is heard but the warbling of the young, which seem to study their father's song, and try to imitate it. The nightingale sings much longer in confinement: birds which are caught full grown sometimes sing from November to Easter; those which are bred from the nest sing much longer, sometimes as long as seven months; but in order that they may sing well, they must be put under the instruction of an old nightingale which is a good singer, otherwise they will be only stammerers, mutilating their natural song, and inserting in a confused manner tones and passages which they have caught from other birds. If, however, they have a good instructor, and a good memory, they imitate perfectly, and often add to their instructor's song some beauties of their own, as is usual among young birds.

Independent of these talents, the nightingale possesses a quality very likely to augment the number of his friends; he is capable, after some time, of forming attachments. When once he has made acquaintance with the person who takes care of him, he distinguishes his step before seeing him; he welcomes him by a cry of joy; and, during the moulting season, he is seen making vain efforts to sing, and supplying, by the gaiety of his movements, and the expression of his looks, the demonstrations of joy which his throat refuses to utter. When he loses his benefactor, he sometimes pines to death; if he survives, it is long before he is accustomed to another. His attachments are long, because they are not hasty, as is the case with all wild and timid dispositions."

#### THE STETHOSCOPIC ART.

WITHIN these few years a very extraordinary improvement has been effected in a department of the practice of medicine, by the invention and introduction into use of the stethoscope—an instrument differing very little in its construction from a boy's ruler, by which, when applied to the chest, the practitioner is enabled to judge, from the sound it carries to his ear, whether the action of the lungs and heart be healthy or otherwise. Some practitioners, with a keen perception of sound, can discover the character of the action of these organs simply by applying the ear to the outside of the chest; but this cannot in general be done so well or so delicately as by the use of the instrument. By observations thus made, medical men are now enabled to form a correct diagnosis—that is, to draw true deductions from symptoms—regarding diseases of the heart and lungs, which they could never do by the old modes of practice; in fact, by this practice of auscultation, as it is called, an intelligent and acute physician knows almost as well the state of the lungs, in supposed cases of consumption, and of the heart, in supposed cases of disease of that organ, as if there were a window in the breast through which he might look with his visual organs.

Valuable as this discovery must prove to mankind, it has, like all other great improvements in science, met with no small share of ridicule and opposition. With the view of illustrating our observations on the difficulties which improvements in the arts and sciences have frequently to contend with, as well as informing our readers with respect to an exceedingly important subject, we shall here quote, in a condensed form, the account given by Dr Mackintosh of the stethoscopic art, in his very valuable work, "Principles of Pathology, and Practice of Physic," 3d edition, 1832.

"The diseases of the chest (says this intelligent writer) were once the opprobrium of medicine; and although we are still liable to be mistaken, yet, by percussion and auscultation, we are enabled to judge correctly of the nature and seat of some affections,

which otherwise would be mere matter of conjecture. It is scarcely more than half a century since Avenbrugger suggested the probability of ascertaining the state of the organs within the thorax, more perfectly, by percussing the chest with the points of the fingers. M. Corvisart translated Avenbrugger's Treatise into French, and subsequently brought the practice of percussion into general use and great repute. It must be confessed, however, that percussion is a much less satisfactory practice than auscultation, either with or without the stethoscope, which instrument is the invention of Laennec.

A great deal of opposition has been made, and many frivolous objections have been urged against the employment of auscultation, principally by three classes of practitioners. 1st, Those who are too well employed, and who have not time to learn any thing new. 2dly, Those who are dull of hearing, or devoid of the power of discriminating between sounds which have some resemblance to each other. 3dly, Those who are too indolent or too old.

With respect to the first class, I need not say much, as no observations of mine will improve such medical men, by inducing them to pay more regard to the science than to the trade of the profession. But as to the second class, I have only to observe, that it is too bad for men who are deaf, to decry the employment of a means which is found to be so advantageous in practice; and the only method by which they can be silenced, is for others to state their defect—a task which, though ungracious, I shall not shrink from performing in respect to those whose statements are likely to influence the too numerous 'herd of imitators' in the profession. In this class there are some who can hear perfectly well, but who, from the want of what is called a musical ear, are incapable of discriminating sounds, in the same manner as some are unable to detect the difference between a hard and a soft pulse, or a full and a sharp pulse; or as others, who, from a defect in the organs of vision, cannot see any thing twenty yards distant. Such individuals, then, will never be capable of availing themselves of this additional means of investigating diseases of the chest; but they have no right to prejudice others in the profession, who are perhaps too happy to avail themselves of any excuse which is likely to save trouble. In the third class of objectors, I have placed the indolent and the aged. With respect to the first of these, I have to remark, that the public have not so much to complain of the ignorance of medical men, as their indolence and want of zeal; and it is as difficult for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, as to make an indolent physician active and zealous; therefore it is not to be wondered at, that they should advocate the advantages of remaining ignorant. As for many of the aged opponents, they act no doubt upon the principle which is observed in old dogs, of not learning new tricks.

Some individuals have stated objections against the use of the stethoscope; they say it requires a lifetime to arrive at any thing like perfection. I have already shown that it requires great patience and good ears to learn it at all, and that those who possess neither the one nor the other will never be able to use it advantageously. But if the difficulties of any task were allowed as an argument against making attempts to overcome them, it may be asked, what would become of all the sciences?

I shall now turn to a more agreeable part of the subject, by shortly stating a few cases, showing the advantages derived in actual practice from auscultation. A few years ago, I was requested to see a patient who had been under the care of several medical men, and by way of giving me every necessary information, his friends put me in possession of all the recipes which had been recommended; they would have made a moderately sized quarto volume. At one time it was supposed that he had stomach complaint, and all known tonics were prescribed; at another it was supposed to be scrofula, for which he took large quantities of the muriate of lime; at last he was suspected to have diseased liver, and he got large quantities of mercury, and was several times completely salivated. Upon applying the stethoscope, I discovered a cavern in the superior lobe of the right lung, and was doubtful whether another did not exist in the left. Next day I had the advantage of a consultation with Dr Scott, whose superior knowledge of diseases of the chest and stethoscopic tact, I am happy to have this public opportunity of acknowledging. He was merely asked to see a patient with me, without knowing the result of my previous examination, which he confirmed, with this addition, that he had also no doubt of the existence of a cavern in the left lung; and it was afterwards proved to be correct. A remarkable case occurred to me some years ago, at a time when I was only beginning to make some progress in the use of the stethoscope. A man presented himself, with many of the ordinary symptoms of indigestion, and without a single sign indicative of disease of the lungs. I examined him carefully with my ear, with a view of perfecting myself in the natural sounds elicited by respiration, and the tones of the voice, when, to my astonishment, I thought I discovered a small cavern in the superior lobe of one of the lungs. At that time, Dr Wavel, an excellent stethoscopist, was a pupil at my Dispensary. He was requested to examine the man, without being made acquainted with my suspicions. Upon comparing notes, he was of the same opinion. It was subsequently dis-

covered that the man coughed a little in the morning, but not so much as to attract even his own attention; upon dissection, some months afterwards, our diagnosis was fully verified.

Dr Henry of Manchester, and others, will not forget the case I had occasion once to examine with him, in which we discovered empyema (a collection of puriform matter) in the left side of the thorax, which had been treated for disease of the heart, because the pulsations were felt to the right of the sternum, instead of the left. By auscultation and percussion, we were enabled to state most confidently that there was extensive effusion, which pushed the heart to the other side of the chest. The patient did not survive above a fortnight afterwards, and the correctness of our opinion was fully proved, by the existence of an immense effusion in the left side of the thorax, amounting, I believe, to twenty or twenty-six pounds of fluid, with large masses of lymph.

Liver complaints are often confounded with disease of the lungs, in which it is of the greatest consequence to the patient, that the physician should be able to form a proper diagnosis, which he cannot do in many cases without the assistance of auscultation and percussion. I have seen many remarkable cases of chronic inflammation, and I believe extensive ulceration in the windpipe, which the ordinary symptoms announced to be the most hopeless cases of consumption; there was cough, expectoration tinged with blood, emaciation, debility, rapid pulse, with bad feverish nights, attended by profuse perspiration. By the sound of the respiration, and the resonance of the voice, I was enabled to assure myself that the lungs were as yet sound, and they were all cured by means which I afterwards adopted. Every year I see several cases of chronic bronchitis, which have been mistaken for consumption, many of which were cured or relieved by the appropriate remedies, which must have terminated fatally if managed as cases of phthisis. In the treatment of inflammation of the substance of the lungs, it is of the utmost consequence to be able to tell whether the disease be extensive or not; whether it be in the first stage, that of active sanguineous engorgement; or in the second, that of solidification; whether the disease is advancing or declining, which can be done by no other means than auscultation and percussion.

It has already been attempted to be shown of how much advantage it is to sound the chest in cases of fever.

Much injury, it is to be apprehended, will result for some years to come, from individuals pretending to use this instrument, and pronouncing confident opinions as to the nature and seat of diseases, who are unacquainted even with the natural sounds of respiration, and who, as I have often seen, do not really know how to hold the stethoscope. Few individuals can acquire the power of using the instrument advantageously from books, without the personal assistance of some one already instructed; and I have known several gentlemen give up the task as hopeless, because they could hear nothing at all, but who resumed it, upon being properly assisted and instructed.

On the other hand, candour compels me to mention that much mischief has been done by some able stethoscopists pretending to do too much; according to them, auscultation is infallible; but that this is not to be expected from any human invention applied for the purpose of investigating or curing diseases, I need not waste time to prove. That it is a great assistance, as an additional means of diagnosis in diseases of the chest, no man possessed of the spirit of truth, who has fairly given it a trial, or who has followed the practice of those who can avail themselves of auscultation, will deny. I maintain, without the fear of contradiction, that perhaps one of the greatest advantages to be derived from auscultation, is that which enables us to obtain negative proof, in cases where we have failed in discovering positively the seat of the disease. For example, if a medical man be called to a case which has either been pronounced to be consumptive, or in which a doubtful opinion has been given, it is truly delightful for all parties, if he be able to give a positive assurance that the lungs are not affected, although he may not be able to tell exactly the seat of the disease.

Some medical men allege that they can discover every condition of the lungs, quite well enough for all practical purposes, by ordinary symptoms; therefore I shall now take a view of these symptoms, for the purpose of showing the fallacy of this statement. The following symptoms are supposed to denote inflammation of the lungs, in the most satisfactory manner: cough, dyspnoea, pain in the thorax, quick and strong pulse, being softer, however, when the bronchial membrane and substance of the lungs are inflamed, than the pleura. When these symptoms exist, they are supposed to be peculiar to inflammation of the lungs; that is to say, when they exist, inflammation is present; and when they do not exist, the disease is absent. Experience enables me to state that not one of these symptoms, or all taken together, indicate inflammation of the lungs in any of its textures, and that inflammation may exist without any of them being well marked; hence it is, that physicians who follow the ordinary method of investigating are so often astounded with the appearances on dissection, which they did not anticipate from the mildness of the symptoms.

All Cullen's definitions, in the sixth chapter, which

treats of pneumonic inflammation, are therefore erroneous, as well as the following paragraph (p. 335.) 'Pneumonic inflammation, however various in its seat, seems to me to be always known and distinguished by the following symptoms: pyrexia (fever), difficult breathing, cough, and pain in some part of the thorax.' It will be admitted that Cullen was at least as wise, talented, and observant as any of his symptomatic brethren of the present day; yet he confesses that he could not ascertain the seat of the disease by the ordinary symptoms; proving that he must have been an indifferent practitioner, as the inflammatory affections of the lungs require a different treatment in each stage; bronchitis demands a different plan from pleuritis, and pneumonia from either of the others. I venture therefore to predict, that in a few years, practitioners, even those who now ridicule auscultation, will be compelled, in self-defence, to have recourse to this additional means of diagnosis, or they will lose their practice."

#### ODDS AND ENDS.

##### INGENUOUS MODE OF DESTROYING A BEAR.

During our halt (in the Himalaya mountains) a circumstance occurred which I confess I feel no little pleasure at having the opportunity of recording, as it is highly characteristic of the skill of the mountaineers in baffling the ferocious propensities of those animals by which they are so perpetually threatened with mischief. I had entered a deep dell with my gun, accompanied by two hill-men, in order to try if I could not succeed in killing some jungle-fowl, which are here tolerably abundant, though so wild as to render it a matter of no common difficulty to get near them. After a long and fatiguing walk, we ascended with some toil a very sudden abruptness of the mountain, when upon gaining the summit, which overhung a precipice, a bear started from a recess in the neighbouring covert, and advanced evidently with sinister intentions towards us. I was about to fire, though my gun was only loaded with large shot, when one of my highland guides motioned to me to desist, giving me to understand, by significant gesticulations (for I understood his language but very indifferently) that he would attack the enemy unarmed; and from the coolness and dexterity with which he commenced operations, I confess I could not persuade myself to doubt of a favourable result, in spite of the difficulties which seemed to defy its accomplishment. Almost upon the extreme edge of the precipice stood a tall tree with strong vertical branches, apparently of the character though not the form of the mountain-ash, being very tough and elastic. The hill-man approached the bear, and by exciting it withdrew its attention from me towards himself. The exasperated beast immediately made him the object of attack, when the man adroitly sprang on the tree, as nimbly followed by the bear. The former having reached the upper branches, he quickly slipped a strong cord over the top of the limb upon which he stood, at the same time dropping the reverse end upon the ground. This was instantly seized by his companion, who, pulling with all his strength, drew the point of the bough downward until the branch projected nearly in a horizontal line from the stem: there were no intervening branches betwixt this and the precipice, the edge of which it nearly overhung when in its natural position. As soon as the bough was warped to the necessary degree of tension, the mountaineer crept cautiously as near the extremity as he could with safety, followed as cautiously by the bear; but, the moment he saw his angry foe upon the bent branch, he dexterously let himself down by the cord to the ground. The bear, thus unexpectedly deprived of its victim, attempted to turn, in order to retrace its steps; no sooner, however, had it relaxed its grasp of the bough for this purpose, than the hill-man suddenly cut the cord, which had been securely tied to the stump of a tree, and the depressed branch instantly gained its original position with an irresistible momentum. The suddenness and vigour of the recoil shook the bear from its hold, eliciting it, like the fragment of a rock from a catapult, into the empty air; uttering a stifled yell, it was hurled over the precipice, and, falling with a dull crash upon the rocks beneath, no doubt soon became a prey to the vultures and jackals. The address with which the bold highlander accomplished this dangerous exploit was as astonishing as it was novel.—*Oriental Annual.*

##### WINE AFTER DINNER.

In a book called the Art of Invigorating Life, there are some wholesome truths, and among these the following:—"We deprecate the custom of sitting for hours after dinner, and keeping the stomach in an incessant state of irritation by sipping wine—nothing is more prejudicial to digestion, nothing more fevering and enfeebling to the whole system. Immediately after dinner, drink as much as is necessary to excite that degree of action in the system without which you feel uncomfortable, and then stop." It is recommended that no man should habitually take wine as food till he is past thirty years of age. Many persons will find it more salutary to take a glass of sherry about half an hour after dinner than to take it immediately following the food.

##### CENTIPEDES.

The grass land at Cyrene (says Captain Beechey) is much infested by a dark-coloured centipede, almost black, with red feelers and legs. We usually found

half a dozen of them in taking up the mats in our tents, and had great difficulty in killing them. Any part which chanced to be separated from the rest of the body would continue to run about as if nothing had happened; and were the reptile even divided in twenty pieces, each part would travel about as if in search of the others, without any of them seeming to be the worse. The only mode by which we could kill them at once was by crushing the head, which effectually destroyed life in every other part instantaneously.

##### AN OLD JOE.

An honest farmer was asked why he did not subscribe for a newspaper? "Because," said he, "my father, when he died, left me a good many papers, and I haven't read them through yet."

##### STANZAS.

The fountains smoke, and yet no flames they shew,  
Stares shine all night, though undecorated by day,  
The trees do spring, yet are not seen to grow,  
And shadows move, although they seem to stay;  
In winter's woe is buried summer's bliss,  
And love loves most when love most secret is.

The stillest streames describe the greatest deepe,  
The clearest sky is subject to a shower,  
Conceit's most sweete when as it seemes to sleepe,  
And fairest dayes doe in the morning lower;  
The silent groves sweete nymphes they cannot misse,  
For love loves most where love most secret is.

The rarest jewels hidden virtue yeeld,  
The sweete of trifluie is a secret gaine,  
The year once olde doth shew a barren field,  
And plantes seeme dead, and yet they spring again.  
Cupid is blind—the reason why is this,  
Love loveth most when love most secret is.

—*Jones's "Garden of Delights," 1610.*

##### VALUE OF EARLY RISING.

The difference between rising every morning at six and at eight, in the course of forty years, supposing a man to go to bed at the same time he otherwise would, amounts to 29,000 hours, or 3 years, 121 days, and 16 hours, which will afford eight hours a-day for exactly ten years; so that it is the same as if ten years of life were added—a weighty consideration, in which we could command eight hours every day for the cultivation of our minds or the dispatch of business.

##### FISHING FOR SWORD-FISH AT MESSINA.

A more attractive sport, however, is the fishing for the pesce-spada, which begins about the middle of April, and continues to the middle of September. From the commencement of this fishery till the end of June, it is carried on upon the shore of Calabria; and from this latter period till the middle of September, on that of Sicily. The reason is, that, from April till June, the sword-fish—either for the sake of food, or from some other unascertained cause—entering by the Faro, keeps along the shore of Calabria without approaching that of Sicily; while, from the end of June to the middle of September, it takes the opposite side. The sword-fish weighs generally from one to two hundred pounds. The formidable weapon to which it owes its name varies from three to four feet in length, projecting from the end of the upper jaw, and terminating in a point. The pesce-spada is taken either with the palmadara, a kind of net with very close meshes, or with the harpoon. In the latter case the fishermen make use of a boat called *luntre*, from the Latin word *linter*, a vessel about eighteen feet in length by seven or eight in width—the prow being wider than the stern, in order to give the harpooner more room. The boat is furnished with a mast, called *gariere* or *farriere*, about eighteen feet in length, on the round top of which is placed one of the crew, whose business it is to descry the fish and watch its motions. The mast, near the bottom, is crossed at right angles by a yard called *la croce*, to the extremities of which the oars are attached by means of loops, to enable the rowers to turn the boat with the greater ease and celerity. The harpoon, which is about twelve feet long, is made fast to a rope something more than half an inch in diameter and two hundred yards in length. While the fish coast along the Calabrian shore, two men are placed on the rock or cliffs to give notice of their approach. A similar practice is adopted on the Sicilian side; but there, as the shore is less precipitous, two vessels are moored near it, at the distance of a stone's throw from each other, and on the masts of these the men are stationed. On the approach of a fish, which is said to be indicated by a change of colour in the water, the signal is given by the men stationed at the mast-head, or on the cliffs, as the case may be, and the foremost *luntre* then bears down upon it in the direction pointed out, till the spy on the round top of the *luntre* itself has also descried it. The vessel is then steered to one side or the other according to his direction, while the harpooner stands ready at the prow, anxiously watching an opportunity to hurl his weapon, which he does with almost unerring aim; taking care at the same time to let the fish have rope enough to run. The men now row with all their might, following the track of the wounded fish, till at length, exhausted with the loss of blood, he rises to the surface of the water, and is easily dragged into the boat. It must not be supposed, however, that this sport is altogether without danger; for sometimes the pesce-spada, when of large size, has been known to turn upon his pursuers, to pierce the side of the boat with his weapon, and even to upset it. —*Evans's Italy and Sicily.*

##### BREST.

This was my third visit to France, and I thought that certainly Brest was one of the best specimens of a French town I had seen: it is remarkably clean and

regular, the people respectably dressed, and very few beggars, though in this part of Brittany labourers in the country sometimes work for fourpence a-day. And such a dinner as we had at the table d'hôte of the Hôtel de Provence! such exquisite cookery! Vegetables so well done, that they were eaten by themselves; whilst a grandmother of ninety winters, in a nicely crimped cap, went round kingly, and gave us snuff out of a massive silver tabatière. The price of provisions this summer is as follows:—Eggs, 3d. per dozen; cauliflowers, 1d. per head; artichokes, 4d. ditto; asparagus, 4d. per bundle; butter, 6½d. per lb.; strawberries, 1 franc per basket; meat, 3½d. per lb.; fish, various prices, but very cheap; hares, in winter, without skin, 8d.; partridges, a brace, 10d.; woodcocks, ditto; chickens, four for three francs. The British consul, Mr Perrier, one of the most active, intelligent, and obliging of men, purchased for our vessel, for sixteen shillings, ten pounds of butter, four chickens, twelve artichokes, six cauliflowers, twelve bundles of asparagus, three baskets of strawberries, and a sack of peas—a load for a man. The consul's delightful residence, where we spent a day, one league from Brest, and in the midst of a garden overlooking the sea, he rented for eight pounds a-year. The market was admirably regulated, and (what we require particularly at Covent Garden) an officer in cocked hat and cane walked continually about, to see that the lines of baskets were dressed, and that no leaves or refuse were thrown about. Peasants with long and sun-bleached hair floating about their shoulders, and in canvass frocks with hoods, stood behind fruit and vegetable baskets; whilst women, diligently knitting, in white caps and red petticoats, sat beside their country produce.—*Alexander's Portugal.*

##### CONVICTS IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

The London pickpockets are considered to make the best shepherds in the colony, as it suits their naturally idle habits; the industrious labourer cannot endure the very wearisome and lazy employment of looking after sheep; the petty larcener soon gets attached to his woolly charge, and the sheep, no doubt, by a natural instinct, to him; and thus the animals are tended with some degree of care; but the regular workman, detesting the occupation (unless incapacitated from a more active employment, by age or accident), seldom takes any interest in the valuable property entrusted to his care; the former are therefore to be preferred. The shepherds, when tending their flocks in the pasturage, while away their leisure time by manufacturing coarse but durable straw hats. It is to be regretted that no distinction is made between those banished for trivial offences, and those who have committed deeper crimes. Many atrocious characters are assigned to persons of the highest respectability, well clothed and fed; and from them often have I witnessed most unbounded insolence: so that a stranger would imagine the master to be under obligations to the servant, and would be astonished when told that the servant was a convicted felon.—*Bennet's Wanderings in New South Wales.*

##### THE AMERICAN PRESIDENT'S DRAWING-ROOM.

In the middle of the saloon stood General Jackson, surrounded by Van Buren, the vice-president, Washington Irving, and some of the secretaries of state. The president is an elderly man, of middle size, with an expressive countenance, and a sharp eye, indicative of that firmness of character which he has evinced upon so many occasions, and particularly during the period of his military career, the laurels of which, it may be said, he chiefly gathered at New Orleans. His hair is perfectly white, combed upwards from his forehead, which gives his face a long and narrow appearance. His manners are extremely condescending and polite, without derogating from the rank which he holds as the first man in America. Republican custom obliges him to shake hands with his visitors; General Jackson performs this part of the ceremony without losing any of his dignity, without appearing cold or distant. I observed his actions for a long while, to see if he made any particular distinctions between those that presented themselves; but, to his honour, as president of a republic, he said, he continued the same the whole evening, polite and affable to every one, and friendly to those whom he knew personally, particularly the fair sex.—*The United States and Canada.*

##### JOHNSON'S OPINION OF ECONOMY.

All to whom want is terrible, upon whatever principle, ought to think themselves obliged to learn the sage maxims of our parsimonious ancestors, and attain the salutary arts of contracting expense; for without economy, none can be rich, and with it few can be poor. The mere power of saving what is already in our hands, must be of easy acquisition to every mind; and as the example of Lord Bacon may show that the highest intellect cannot safely neglect it, a thousand instances every day prove that the humblest may practise it with success.—*Rambler.*

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